

Friday 1¹⁵ Noon. - 1/18/96 -
870 W. Adams St. Chicago.

My darling Grace, -

Here I am talking with you while Mr. Hawley's room is in my possession, - He was away at lunch so I have been alone as just have finished your Tuesday and Wednesday letters. - That dream does not worry me in the least and you must discard all such; but always tell me when it relieves you. If possible remove the cause for dreams, - do not think of going to bed while your food is undigested, so please eat easily digested food when taking a late lunch at night or even at dinner. - etc. etc. Oh, I am pleased that you enjoyed Mae Van; - I was so sure you would enjoy each other, - she has had a most pure family influence and her life proves it no doubt. -

Do not change your room, but do as you think best about taking in a roommate; - remember you would be a friend and perhaps enjoy each other better if you did not see one another continuously. Then you could both look forward to your visits together with greater pleasure. Mae Van can certainly make you happy and keep from getting homesick. - She has been away a great deal and still holds her individuality. - Talk to her about Nettie, - but never fear about any one ever coming between you and me. Certainly you can form more of your own home habits when you are

rooming alone. - But make yourself happy by what ever means in this respect.

My dear I have not counted your letters, but I have them, are and all, in my strong box at home in the library, at my chemical desk. - Shall let you know! -

Tonight a few of the Agassiz boys are to meet me in my room at home for a spec'l conv. meeting. - But shall have a chat with you before retiring.

This spring weather is pleasant, but a little too much dust for my "catarrh". There is not a particle of snow on the ground, but then very soon we will expect our annual blizzard and then "Look out or the Goblins will get the people who don't look out." -

Here comes a beam of sunshine to lighten this paper as I am about to finish and go on down to College. -

Your thoughts are so poetical, your mother left you a legacy I am sure which will creep out. -

Bye Bye, my own, ever trusting one, -
Your -
Clairé.



Miss Grace E. Hall,
New York City.
N.Y.

#169 — E. 63rd St.

Jan 17.